

The Critic

Published weekly, at 743 Broadway, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25, 1887.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at *The Critic* office, No. 743 Broadway. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano Bros., and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Damrell & Upham (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: A. S. Witherbee & Co. Chicago: Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. San Francisco: J. W. Roberts & Co., 10 Post Street. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the *Nuova Antologia*.

Music in New York.

THE SEASON of grand opera in German at the Metropolitan Opera House was brought to a conclusion last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Thomas has given three-fourths of the concerts, Symphony and Popular, which he projected last fall, and there are scarcely more than a dozen musical entertainments of magnitude yet to be looked forward to in the season of 1887-8. What they will bring forth is easily anticipated from the published announcements. The present, therefore, is as good a time as any to discuss the season's fruits in opera house and concert hall. In point of activity the record will not reach that of 1885-6, which is rather a matter of congratulation than disappointment. Even as it is, New York has had too much music—too much for proper appreciation, too much for the financial welfare of the concert-givers, too much for the grade of excellence which ought to characterize high-class performances in the American metropolis. Only a few enterprises have been profitable to the undertakers, and the most striking success from a money point of view is less flattering to the taste and judgment of the public than to the curiosity and affectionate instincts of our people, more particularly of our women.

The interest in the lad Josef Hofmann early got beyond the phase which is defensible on art-grounds, and degenerated into a craze so foolish and irrational that a sordid father and grasping managers did not hesitate to encourage it with mountebank tricks. The story of this prodigy is full of suggestiveness. His musical gifts are unquestioned, though it has seemed of late as if what was untruthfully said of Mozart in his sixteenth year might truthfully be said of him:—"He is one further instance of early fruit being more extraordinary than excellent." If the art does not profit from nature's endowment of him in the degree which his performances had led many judicious admirers to believe, the fault will be not far to seek. His father and Mr. Abbey brought him here protesting that the exhibition of his talents was a measure of necessity, the object being to secure money to pay for his musical education. Before he left London, assurances were given that every effort would be made to foster his talent, and that after a season of five months, in which he was to give eighty concerts, he would be taken home to his studies. The lovers of music still had before their eyes the picture of Maurice Dengremont, the marvelous Brazilian lad who was utterly ruined by the same process of forcing that caused the breakdown of young Hofmann. These assurances and protestations were doubtless honestly meant, but at the time they were given neither Mr. Abbey nor his agents knew that the boy would be called on to uphold all of the manager's New York enterprises and would disclose the ability to do it. On the European continent musical prodigies are not so rare as here, and the attitude of critics, musicians and public towards them is that which is best calculated to husband and develop their precocious powers. In Germany, Austria and France the boy was not worth \$150 a concert to his manager. In England the love for sensation and the impulsive female heart worked

a change; and the warmth of the approval of the American newspaper press, the downright merit of the lad, and a flood of gratuitous advertising combined with the same qualities on the part of our public which made the English success, to transform the precocious boy of eleven into one of the biggest money-makers in the musical profession. To the cupidity aroused by this discovery the lad has been sacrificed—a fact which, if it were not amply proved by physical evidences, might be deduced from the circumstance that the need which it was said prompted his introduction in the concert-room has for some time had no existence. Eugene D'Albert offered in vain to care for his musical training, and if his father withdraws him permanently from the public, he can perhaps command enough money to keep the lad, himself and his family in comfort for twenty years to come. New contracts have been made here and in England, however, and if Josef Hofmann proves an exception to the rule concerning the development of prodigies, it will be a miracle. In one sense the treatment of the boy is of no concern to the public, but a matter between his father and his father's conscience. When charlatanry and fraud enter into his concerts, however, a different question is raised. And these elements were drawn in when the boy was paraded as composer for orchestra, and conductor.

The most significant factor in our musical activities has been the German Opera. The season began on November 2 and ended on February 18. Within this space of time sixty-four representations of fourteen operas took place, and four works entirely new to the American stage were brought forward—namely, 'Siegfried,' 'Der Trompeter von Säkkingen,' 'Ferdinand Cortez' and 'Die Götterdämmerung.' To discover the real lessons of the season is as difficult as it is easy for impertinent and ill-instructed criticism to assume to do so. There has been no lack of the latter throughout the season, and the rebuke which the events of the last three weeks of opera administered to the too-forward enemies of seriousness in art and the too-ready advisers of the Metropolitan management, was as emphatic as it was deserved. No institution is confronted with a more difficult problem than the German Opera. The fickleness of the public, the popular craving for 'sensation,' the egotism and rapacity of singers, the want of sincerity and loftiness of purpose in the stockholders, the inexperience of the management, the instability of an institution which was created to satisfy social ambition rather than to promote art—all these factors and scores of others hinder the establishment of such a temple of art as there ought to be in New York City. We are in an era of change in art ideals. To cling to the sweets of Italian melody and live in the memories of Mario and Grisi is folly. So young an art as music can not stand still for half a century, and Roman tastes, though they may clog for a time, can not permanently bind a people Teutonic in their origin. The heritage of energy which came to us from the Puritans and the equipment of vigor which the newer element of our population instinctively puts on in the face of the vast mission which here opens to it, invite a style of art which shall be more than the 'lascivious pleasing of a lute.' The reddest of dramatic blood flows through our national veins, and though we may be beguiled for a time by bloodless literature and false conventions on the stage, it can not be for long.

The lyric drama as it is exemplified in the works of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber and Wagner, is the only kind of lyric drama which is fit for the American people—a people still capable of emotion and not ashamed to feel. The operatic education of the past has been a sorrowful education, and is responsible for the fickleness of the public. The highest achievements of a singer go for naught in the face of a desire for new acquaintances. Here lies the first obstacle to stability and the things which stability makes possible. But the forces are in operation which will overcome it—which will make our people look first at the art-work and then at the interpreter. There are scarcely a dozen

singers in the Italian field whom the New York public would go as many times to hear. There is no new Italian opera, save 'Otello,' touching which there is even the slightest curiosity. Admitting that German singers of the first rank are equally rare, German opera has the advantage over Italian in truthfulness and vigor of expression, picturesqueness, newness, variety, and the employment of that element whose development is the distinguishing mark of the last musical century—the instrumental. One fact in connection with the late season of German opera deserves to be studied and kept always in mind: when the opponents of the modern movement were loudest in their assertions that the Metropolitan Opera had been killed by Wagnerism, and a small clique of stockholders were striving hardest to overthrow German opera even at the risk of depreciating their own property, came the announcement of two weeks of consecutive representations of the three dramas of 'The Ring of the Nibelung' which were in the repertory of the company. Those two weeks and a third in which 'Die Götterdämmerung' was given three times, brought more money into the exchequer of the Opera House than any preceding five weeks of the season. I say this without other evidence than that of my eyes, but I believe it will be more than borne out by the figures. Here is one significant fact; another lies in this, that while the Directors humored themselves by bringing forward, with much spectacular display, such novelties as 'Der Trompeter' and 'Ferdinand Cortez,' the paying public reserved its patronage for 'Euryanthe,' 'Siegfried' and 'Die Götterdämmerung.' The attempt to overthrow the German opera failed, fortunately for all lovers of music and the lyric drama. The advancement of culture amongst us demands that it shall be maintained until an institution worthy to be its successor can exemplify its principles while giving representations in the vernacular.

Mr. Thomas's Symphony and Popular Concerts benefited greatly from that gentleman's withdrawal from the National Opera Company, but not in so marked a degree as the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. These concerts last year lost much of their prestige with the public; but this year they have been brought back to their old dignity and excellence by the fact that Mr. Thomas and the musicians of his band have been able to give proper time and care to them. A series of American concerts given early in the season by Mr. Van der Stucken flattered national pride by discovering that we have several composers of native birth who have contributed works of real dignity and beauty to the repertory of the music-room, concert-hall and church.

H. E. KREHBIEL.

Reviews

A Growler in the West Indies.*

MR. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, who is famous as an historian, amusing as a theologian, amazing as a biographer, and unique as a literary executor, went all the way to the West Indies to rail at Gladstone and the Nineteenth Century. He now flings his philippics in the face of the public, and pounds his pulpit on the subject of Ireland. True, he entitles his book 'The English in the West Indies,' but the title suggests an Irish bull, and is full of the logic of a ranter. He does well, as becomes one whose lecturing and speech-making in New York were nullified by Irish servant girls and Father Tom Burke, to sneer at 'oratory as the spendthrift sister of the arts, which decks itself like a strumpet with the tags and ornaments which it steals from real superiority.' Like Carlyle, who preached the eternal duty of silence—to the extent of endless talk and forty volumes of words preserved in ink,—this pupil and diluter of his master's style raves and ravens because Gladstone is in earnest, and a Parliament governs the British Empire. Professing to write about the West Indies, this ceaseless penman builds an argument against home rule in Ireland.

* The English in the West Indies. By James Anthony Froude. \$1.75. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

True it is that twenty-two chapters, in nearly four hundred pages, eight of which are well illustrated with pictures drawn by the author, do have much to say about Dominica, Trinidad, the Antilles, Hayti, and other places in the Caribbean Sea. True, we have many fascinating pages of description of the tropical life of plant, beast and man, many a rosy memory of the past and glorification of the triumphs of British pluck and cannon, not a few rare bits of information as to the derivation of names, snatches of lively conversation, and phases of personal experience; but, after all, the traveller's eyes are in Ireland, and his mind in London. Rodney, with his carronades slaughtering the Frenchmen, is colossal as a Brocken spectre; while Gladstone is a dwarf jester with cap and bells. Luther and reformers, lovers of liberty and believers in representation, democracy and parliament, are as mire and dung, while force and jingoism as embodied in Governor Eyre and the murderers of blacks in Africa, despots and aristocrats, are as honey and nectar to this man grown old in his dogmas. With consummate literary art, with fascinating style, and an easy diction that would make an octavo devoted to a broomstick readable, we are led to read on—only to land in Ireland, or be butted against Gladstone. Our sense of decency revolts at being used as a projectile; and, despite the charm of the stylist, we vote the book and its author a fraud and a snare; yet, sure we are, that this elegant literary spider will attract many flies to his web, and 'The English in the West Indies' will probably be read and known even more than Charles Kingsley's picture-words about our famous American archipelago, so little known to our people except in memory of pirates and blockade-runners.

"Trollopiana."*

THE MOST delightful class of living 'wax-works' is the What-I-remember class. Give the gentlest of squeezes, and a ripple of reminiscences flows from ready lips—drip, drip, drop, drop,—and all the past appears before us bedewed, freshened, brightened. The Trollopes are exceptionally gifted 'wax-works' of this kind. Old lady Trollope told her autobiographic tale in piquant fashion fifty years ago in the 'Domestic Manners of the Americans,' in which she principally showed that she herself had none. Then her son Anthony came along and 'babbled' of green fields and novels, plots and post-office work, income and romance. Now the other son, eldest and last (almost an octogenarian), opens his lips, and talks in quaintest, most charming fashion (pitching into Anthony ever and anon) of what occurred between 1810 and 1838. His reminiscences are totally different from Anthony's and good Dame Trollope's: they are genial to the core yet perfectly outspoken, rich but sprightly, pointed but free from stings. The character they reveal is that of a bluff, hearty, fearless Englishman, without concealments, whose knowledge of men and manners has been very extensive, who is well-educated (in the old-fashioned Latin-quoting sense), and to whom life at Florence, at Paris, at London and at Winchester has been a panorama filled with interesting figures. Mannerisms of course abound in these confidential outpourings, but they only enable one to fix more distinctly the lineaments of the talker.

The immediate purpose of the book—to contrast the manners of sixty years ago with the manners of to-day—will render it after a while extremely valuable material for the historian of what the Germans call *culturgeschichte*; its interest to us, however, is in its anecdotes and gossip, its charming chapters on Mrs. Browning and George Eliot, Landor and Archbishop Whately, Dickens and Miss Mitford, all of whom Mr. Trollope knew intimately, all of whom he characterizes as luminously as any *camera lucida*. Living as he did nearly forty years at the centre of Italian life, he saw nearly everything that was memorable or distinguished

* What I Remember. By T. Adolphus Trollope. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Bros.

in English or Italian society during that period. Even before this, however, his personal acquaintance had been rich in celebrities. No more lively account of an English schoolboy's life is on record than Mr. Trollope's account of his life at the great public school of Winchester in 1820-8; and his subsequent career at Oxford under the 'deliciously witty' Whately, at Birmingham, with his brilliant and amusing mother at Bruges and in Paris, and his relations with Pulszky and Garibaldi, are hit off in a manner at once light and pregnant. His pages are full of jokes and witticisms brought out from treasures new and old, and the numerous pages sparkle with great names to every one of which something entertaining or delightful clings. Mr. Trollope's devotion to his mother is truly beautiful, and his accounts of his two marriages are so amusing that for this reason we forgive their absolute frankness and lack of taste. This, too, we imagine, is how they talked 'sixty years ago'; but the risibles of 1888 are dangerously susceptible. We had marked passages without number to quote in our notice; but it is too crow-like and wanton to pick out the jewels (as they say the rooks do in Ceylon) and leave the setting bare. Every line of 'What I Remember' is worth reading, and Americans particularly must thankfully 'remember' the kindly way in which Mr. Trollope speaks of them.

A Blind Woman's Life and Work.*

THIS is a most interesting biography of a character charming in its loveliness and touching in its resignation to acute sufferings. Miss Gilbert was the blind daughter of the Bishop of Chichester, and although her life is chiefly of interest from her noble and effective efforts to help the blind poor of England, her story is a very beautiful one even so far as it affects herself only. It is a pathetic, and yet not mournful, revelation of the habits, thoughts, and feelings of those afflicted with blindness, but less unfortunate than others in having every blessing obtainable through wealth, culture, position, and affection. We see her trained as far as possible like her happier sisters; pouring for her father a glass of wine without spilling a drop, testing its fullness by the weight, finding her way everywhere about the elaborate house and grounds, and never permitting others to realize from her talk that she did not enjoy all that they were enjoying. 'Oh mamma! I saw the Duchess of Kent, and she had on a brown silk dress,' she would exclaim on coming home from an excursion with others. 'Mrs. — handsome, with that nose!' she would cry, as simply as if she had noticed the nose a hundred times. Taking a stranger for a walk, she would pause at a certain spot and say quietly, 'Here is where we get the finest view of Christ Church Meadows.' The most touching of these anecdotes is that relating how Cardinal Manning, a few days after he went over to the Church of Rome, was at the Bishop's palace, and noticing that she hesitated in the great hall, said gently, 'Let me show you the way.' In speaking of it afterwards, she remarked, 'I only said "thank you"; but I could not help thinking it was not I who had lost the way.'

This story of her life, as we have said, is deeply interesting; but we come soon to an even higher phase of the noble character than its gentle cheerfulness, in her effort to help the blind less fortunate than herself. This effort was all the finer for not being in the form of charity. She bent all her energies towards having her fellow-sufferers taught to do things for themselves, to make the hours less tedious and to enable them to support themselves. Always a great sufferer from weakness as well as blindness, there came to her at last that hardest sacrifice of all: when one can no longer sacrifice one's self in one's own way, and when, as George Eliot makes Savonarola say, the worst bitterness comes in thinking, 'I am not worthy to be made a sacrifice; the truth shall prosper, but not through me.' For fifteen years she was almost helpless on her bed, suffering acutely, but never flinching in her brave resignation.

* Elizabeth Gilbert. By Frances Martin. \$1.75. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Some Educational Works.

FRIEDRICH FROEBEL, author of 'The Education of Man,' which makes its appearance in Appleton's International Educational Series, in a translation by W. N. Hailmann, was the founder of the Kindergarten system of education, now so widely esteemed. His method was based partly on theory and partly on his own experience as a teacher; and he here gives us both his theory and the results of his experience. The different parts of the work are of very unequal merit, the three first chapters being by far the best and containing the kernel of the whole. The work opens with a brief statement of the author's theory of the universe and of man, which is based on a mystical pantheism not very agreeable to the Anglo-Saxon mind nor to men of practical intelligence generally. The same view appears whenever the subject of religion is introduced, and constitutes one of the defects of the book, although some noble sentiments are expressed in connection with it. The chapter on 'the chief groups of subjects of instruction' is the poorest in the book, several pages being occupied with a theory of crystals and plant forms, which, whatever its intrinsic merits, is strangely out of place in a work on education. Again, in treating of mathematics and language, the author advances the strange theories that mathematics 'is the expression of life as such,' and that every word or combination of vocal sounds has a natural meaning independent of that given it by usage. These are the main defects of the work. Its merits consist partly in the clearness with which the author grasps the idea of development as constituting the essence of education, and partly in his practical insight and skill in suggesting means for promoting this development in the young. The work, it should be noticed, deals exclusively with the earlier periods of education in the family and in the school. Froebel held strongly to the idea of an all-sided development of the mind and character, and his remarks on this point may well be pondered in these days of increasing specialism. He would have education lift a man 'to a knowledge of himself and of mankind, to a knowledge of God and of nature, and to the pure and holy life to which such knowledge leads.' He lays stress on the need of practical productive activity in childhood and youth, and advocates the introduction of manual exercises into the schools. He insists on the importance of training the various powers of mind in the order of their natural development without attempting to force them, or, in other words, on following nature, instead of running counter to it. In moral education he would teach the child to do right, not from hope of outward reward, but for the sake of the inward peace and joy that only right conduct can give. Some of these views are now familiar to all thinkers on education, but they were by no means so familiar in 1826 when Froebel's work was first published, and their prevalence at the present time is due in part to his teaching and his example. The book will be of interest to all educational thinkers and workers, and especially to all who have to deal with young children.

'Easy Lessons in French,' by Professors James A. Harrison and R. E. Blackwell, the former at Washington and Lee University and the latter at Randolph-Macon College (John E. Potter & Co.), is a clear and admirable little book for teaching the grammar of French. The compilers wisely do not advise that the whole of each chapter be mastered thoroughly before going on to the next. Each subject is treated exhaustively in its place, and much of the nicer distinctions and more elaborate rules or exceptions can be omitted by the younger student, who will nevertheless be glad to turn back to the fuller explanation of individual subjects when a general idea has been gained of the whole. The book deals wholly with grammar, and rules, and the translation and writing of short sentences to illustrate the rules. It should therefore be supplemented by something more conversational, for the beginner, to whom the discouraging phase of too much questioning such as 'Do the indefinite pronouns change for gender and number?' is apt to be appalling and of little advantage. But the excellence of this book lies largely in its admirable adaptation to pupils of every age and state of progress. It is a delightful book of reference, for the accomplished linguist who, in spite of his accomplishments, sometimes has to refer to a rule suddenly in writing a French note, and who from this capitally arranged little book can find at once what he wants. And for the beginner, who must not be alienated by too much on the subject of indefinite pronouns, it is easy to omit here and there, taking only the essential and leaving what might be called the 'embroidery' till later. The book is only intended to be supplementary and auxiliary; for although he who should know everything in it would know an immense deal, he might nevertheless know it all without being able to read a French story, or converse in anything but set phrases, or write a French letter. It will therefore be a question with individual teachers whether in spite of its modest title, it is better adapted for advanced pupils or beginners. In our own eyes, as we have said before, its

merit consists largely in its mingling of simplicity with thoroughness; the pupil will get on best by not attempting to take it all, but choosing as temperament and taste may point the way.

One of the best books for young students we have seen is the 'Introduction to Physical Science,' by A. P. Gage of the Boston High School (Ginn & Co.). The author's text is, 'Read nature in the language of experiment;' and his book is adapted to the method of study which he believes, and has found by experience, to be the best—namely, the acquisition of facts, not by learning what are the facts, but by discovering for oneself, with the guidance of an instructor, what must be the facts. The book is wisely arranged, by a system of large and fine print, so as to be adapted to an entire course of simple study and experiment, and again taken up later for more elaborate work. The pupil is taught to think, to experiment, and to prove; not merely to answer questions; and we believe the result will be the much desired one that what he has conquered with the aid of this text-book, he will know.

There has been a marked improvement, within the past few years, in the preparation for college given in the English department by the preparatory schools of the Eastern States. Formerly Greek, Latin, and mathematics crowded even the most elementary English to the wall, so that the Freshman presented himself, too often, without much ability to think consecutively, write his mother-tongue with any fluency, or even spell correctly. Much still needs to be done, but not a little has been gained, especially by the uniform requirement of several leading colleges demanding the reading of specified English and American classics year by year. Some desirable further improvements are intelligently outlined by Mr. E. W. Huffcut of Cornell, in a pamphlet entitled 'English in the Preparatory Schools,' in D. C. Heath & Co.'s Monographs on Education Series. Mr. Huffcut urges greater attention to English inflections, to the distinctive qualities of our purest and most effective prose style, and to the ability to compose intelligently and cleanly. He might have emphasized still more strongly the need of continuous English study, in elementary school, high school and college.

Several publishers are issuing cheaply, attractively, and with good editing, standard works in prose and verse for school use. Ginn & Co. publish many Classics for Children and are planning more; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Riverside Literature Series is excellent; and Mr. W. J. Rolfe's plays of Shakespeare and selections from other authors (Harpers, and Ticknor & Co.) are praiseworthy in all save their old and superfluous woodcuts. His last book is a selection of 'Tales of Chivalry and the Olden Time' (Harpers), from Walter Scott, accompanied, as usual in his books, by introductions and notes at once critical and fitted for the school-room, in which Mr. Rolfe has had practical experience. The text is of course unaltered in the selected paragraphs, but omissions are often made without indication, and the sources of the selections are not stated. Scott is too great a writer to be treated thus; and young readers should be referred to the novels entire, which are not beyond the enjoyment of an intelligent child.

A new edition of the fifth book of Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl's 'Choice Readings' (Thomas W. Hartley & Co.) is suitable for 'declaimers' or teachers of not too fastidious taste. The elocutionary introduction is distressingly artificial; the 355 pages of selections in prose and verse are partly from standard authors, with a liberal admixture of popular padding, in which the 'humor' is often pathetic and the pathos humorous.—Mr. A. P. Southwick's 'Quiz-Book on the Theory and Practice of Teaching' also appears in a new edition. It was not worth publishing to begin with; it is not valuable in thought (save in some of its quotations), is written in a slovenly style, and is hurriedly and incorrectly printed.

Recent Fiction.

'LOOKING Backward; 2000-1887,' by Edward Bellamy (Ticknor & Co.), is the story of a young man of the 'upper crust' of Boston, who having been put into a trance under a peculiar combination of circumstances in the year 1887, found himself awakened into the year of grace—and apparently of the millennium—2000. He gradually comes to an understanding of the new and astounding state of things around him, partly through talks with the family of the physician who has aroused him from his trance, and partly through exploring visits to all parts of the new and very ideal Boston of that coming day. The central idea of the book is, of course, old. To satirize one's own boasted civilization by comparing it with one infinitely more advanced, has been often attempted since Sir Thomas More wrote his 'Utopia' in the glorious days of Elizabeth. It is, to our minds, always an unsatisfactory task. So many marvels and changes are of necessity brought in, that we wonder, 'Why not more?' Why not make a clean job of removing every weakness in the social and moral structure of society? It is as easy to frame the ideal state as the merely superior—on paper. Mr. Bellamy has

tried hard not to take refuge in great new discoveries and inventions—such as the all-working 'vril' in Bulwer's 'Coming Race'; but his very clinging to the possible drives him into the most glaring inconsistencies in his details as to the fundamental economy and social conditions of the new state. It is impossible that it should be otherwise; if it were, the book would be a new revelation and revolution in political economy and the sciences. But the reader of 'Looking Backward' never thinks of regarding it as even an aid in the solution of the great questions that make up the Sphinx's riddle of our day. It makes us realize afresh the imperfections, the injustices, the low grade of the present social system, but it does not offer anything practical in its clever, interesting, rose-colored vision of the future.

IN BRET HARTE'S latest book, 'A Phyllis of the Sierras' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), he has included, as usual with him of late, a short sketch together with the longer story that gives the volume its name. This is 'A Drift from Deadwood Camp,' which appeared in *Scribner's* for December and attracted considerable attention. It is a thoroughly characteristic extravaganza, in which the one man in Deadwood who was so insignificant that he had not even a nickname, and was not thought of in the local election for Sheriff 'when even the head-boards of the scant cemetery were consulted to fill the poll-lists,' drifted out on a flood against his will sheer into royal good luck, and stayed in it out of his very incompetence, till he took it into his head to act for himself and ruined all. 'A Phyllis of the Sierras' is as clever a piece of character-drawing as we have had from Bret Harte for many a year, and it is even more artistic in its handling than his stories usually are. The study of the nature of the two women, highly cultivated and refined in all outward seeming but with the hardness and sordidness and taint of the feverish pursuit of gold through two generations in their hearts, is perfectly done. They are as clear-cut as if drawn from the life. And Minty Sharpe is one of Bret Harte's own characters—with all her hopeless vulgarity on the surface and the great heart and true soul of a noble woman beneath. It is a thousand pities that he should change the scene in the last few chapters to England. The story flattens out as if by magic, and we feel almost indignant at being transplanted from the clear bracing air of the pine woods and the cañon to the stale and artificial atmosphere of the ancestral home of the Lords of Oldenhurst.

'QUEEN MONEY' (Ticknor & Co.) hardly fulfils the promise of its author's first novel, the clever 'Story of Margaret Kent.' We do not remember any story that shows at once so much and so little ability. In its lighter parts, in its pictures of New York society, in its conversations in the drawing-room or around the dinner-table, it is faithful, striking and clever. When it tries to portray emotion—whether of joy or sorrow or anger—it fails so utterly as to be ludicrous. So long as the characters—who, by the way, are well chosen and well outlined but weakly developed—are in repose, they are thoroughly human men and women. But let the lovers come together, or the hero meet his grief, or the shadow of death descend upon a divided household, and straightway they become puppets, with wooden faces and jerking limbs that betray in every movement the hand of the showman. This inability to express naturally strong feeling comes in great part from the author's amateurish manner of handling adjectives, and from a want of discrimination in trifles between the significant and the insignificant. As a quiet, not overdone satire on the New York worship of money as the 'one good thing,' the book is most effective; but as a story pure and simple, it cannot be called in any way remarkable.

WE ARE truly thankful to Mr. Sever, of the University Book Store, Cambridge, for rescuing these delightful Persian tales (new to us) from Sir John Malcolm's 'Sketches of Persia'—one of the most agreeable books in the English language, as Prof. F. J. Child says in his preface to the tales. These 'Stories from the Persian' were recited to Malcolm while he was on a mission to Persia, at the beginning of this century, by story-tellers of the highest reputation, who enjoyed royal favor. Their exceeding grace and ingenuity will be sure to charm all who love Oriental coloring, pointed moral, humor, and imagination. One of the stories is an Eastern replica of the Grimms's 'Dr. Allwissend,' and shows well the subtlety of the Persian spirit. The simple moral inculcated by both will be obvious to the merest child, while the literary 'trimmings' are such as to please the most fastidious.—FOUR issues come from the Globe Library of Rand, McNally & Co.: James Payn's 'Prince of the Blood,' and Frank Barrett's 'The Great Hesper,' which we have already noticed; 'Jack and Three Jills,' by F. C. Philips, which few people will read beyond the very earliest chapters; and 'A Baton for a Heart,' by 'Besval.' The latter is a love-story intended to illustrate the experiences of American students of opera

and of painting, who go to Paris to study. Madame Marchesi, the teacher of opera, is one of the characters. The author has been correspondent for the New York *Tribune*, St. Louis *Republican* and other American journals; and his book, while not great as literature, being full of highly sensational adventure and very poor romance, has some revelations from behind the scenes that are newer than those relating to the sewers; more particularly those in regard to the ragpickers of Paris.

Minor Notices.

'BETWEEN THE LIGHTS: Thoughts for the Quiet Hour,' by Fanny B. Bates (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), is a book of selections designed as aids in the spiritual life. Each day of the year has its allotted Scripture text, followed by a prose extract and a poem repeating and developing the theme. The basis of selection has not been a purely literary one, yet the taste incidentally displayed is excellent. Noble and helpful passages have been gathered from widely differing sources; from

Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger Golden Lips or mines,
Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines;

from Thomas à Kempis, Bernard of Cluny, Martin Luther; from Fuller, Baxter, Bunyan, George Herbert, Henry Vaughan; from F. W. Robertson, Maurice, Kingsley, Dean Stanley, Phillips Brooks; from Amiel and Maurice de Guérin, Carlyle and Ruskin, Thoreau and Emerson; from Clough, Myers, Palgrave, George MacDonald, Stopford Brooke; from James Martineau, Channing, E. H. Chapin, Starr King and Robert Collyer. It is noticeable how many of the pensive or devotional poems were written by women; the list is a long one, including the names of Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, and Christina Rossetti; of the Brontës and the Carys; of Jean Ingelow and Mrs. Craik; of Miss Phelps, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Dorr; of Adelaide Procter, Frances Ridley Havergal and Sarah Doudney. We are told in the prefatory note that this admirable collection originated in a scrap-book; this fact may explain the capricious, and sometimes misleading, manner in which the extracts are credited.

EX-PRESIDENT NOAH PORTER, now in his seventy-seventh year, completes a baker's dozen of sound and solid books, in his 'Fifteen Years in the Chapel of Yale College' (Chas. Scribner's Sons). As frontispiece, we find the fine intellectual and kindly face of the now venerable and long-honored teacher of Yale's youth. The eighteen sermons preached between 1871 and 1886, are not brilliant or subtle, but they are strong, clear and philosophic presentations of theistic and Christian themes. They are not burdened with technical terms, but are the fruits of manly and honest attempts to put into plain language truths that abide in the ages, whatever be the spirit or tendency of the passing time. No one need here expect rhetorical flights of fancy, or jets of wit, or sallies of humor; eloquence, too, is absent; nor is there, on the other hand, either cant, baseless assertion, or slipshod argument. Cool, calm, intensely practical, the style suggests also deep thought, and the philosophic grasp that comes after analysis and mastery of detail. The author is thoroughly familiar with the positions, assumptions, and claims of such writers as Matthew Arnold, Spencer, the agnostics, and those who arrogate to themselves the name of scientists. The two sermons on leaving the old and entering the new chapel will recall many memories to sons of Yale, while we have especially enjoyed those entitled 'In Understanding be ye Men' and 'Success in Life.' Especially felicitous, keen and successful is Dr. Porter in showing how much easier it is to be dogmatic in literature than in science—and this despite Mr. Arnold. Especially to those violent revivalists and half-educated preachers, who are apt, on real discovery and reading of Nineteenth Century writers, to lose footing and founder into unfaith, do we commend these calm, manly, scholarly discourses.

WE HAVE already noticed, as hard in drawing and harsh in color, the floral leaflets with selections from Whittier, issued in decorated parchment cover, by Geo. Routledge & Sons. The same criticism applies to other 'Voices of the Flowers,' since received,—selections from Shakspeare, Longfellow, and Moore. There are a few exceptions, such as the tulips in the Moore 'Voice,' but in general the work cannot be commended. 'The printed text of admired poets,' to quote the words of the artist, Harriet S. Miner, is not likely 'to receive larger, richer meanings by association with the floral drawings that accompany them.' The title page is phenomenally ugly, and the flower-embellished portraits must be acutely painful, not only to lovers of the 'admired poets,' but to all humane persons.—'ADDRESSES OF THE DEAD' is the title of a

lugubrious little book by Charles C. Marble, published by G. W. Dillingham. It contains a large number of names of prominent Americans recently deceased, with the dates of birth and death and place of interment. In a few cases, the latter is given with a particularity which we think might be desirable in all. Thus we are told that Charles Francis Adams lies in the old cemetery at Quincy, Mass., while of Alvin Adams we learn only that he is buried in Boston, and of Haliburton, the author of 'Sam Slick,' that his remains are somewhere in Nova Scotia. It seems to us that if the work was worth doing at all, it was worth doing more thoroughly.

'INTRODUCTORY STEPS IN SCIENCE,' by Paul Bert, translated and revised by Marc F. Vallette and John Mickleborough (D. Appleton & Co.), is a most interesting work for schools or for reference. Over half a million copies of the original have been sold in France, and it certainly has novel features which make it something more than a mere text-book for beginners. It is profusely illustrated; and it is based on the best method of primary teaching—that of observation, first of differences, and secondly of likeness or similarity. The pupil is not led to memorize and repeat answers laid down for him in the text; but to listen, recollect, and then express his own conclusions, with repetition so far as necessary of his instructor's statement. The style is conversational and vivacious, but not too simple.—IT ARGUES well for the general interest in photographic news that the first edition of the 'Photographic Annual' for 1887, which was an experiment, was at once exhausted and a second made necessary. The Annual for 1888 now appears (Scovill Manufacturing Co.), all its articles having been written for it, and extending through a wide range of topics, all related, however, to the subject in hand. Magnesium light experiments, bromide paper, collodion emulsion, developers, detective cameras, focal adjustment, lantern-slides, over-exposure, home-made stereopticon outfits, and a great variety of kindred branches, are discussed with enthusiastic energy.—THE Annual Report of the Board of Education of New Jersey is an exhaustive summary of work in every County. The principal point of general interest is the report as to technical schools and manual training. Here as elsewhere the report on this point is most encouraging. Good work has been done in the new fields, not only without injury to other branches, but with a noticeably stimulating effect upon them.

The Magazines.

IT IS a pleasure to praise every month a new story as piquant, as lovely and as touching as Mr. House's serial of 'Yone Santo' in *The Atlantic*. The grace and spirit of this subtle romance lift the author's work at once above the average. 'Miss Tempy's Watchers' is one of Sara Orne Jewett's clever photographs without analysis or moral. Mr. James begins his serial, 'The Aspern Papers,' in a way to remind us of his best past; while Olive Thorne Miller's little sketch of 'Virginia's Wooing,' though it treats of bird-life as true as the most prosaic details of human life, is nevertheless so new to most of us as to seem like fiction or poetry. It is delightful to find Dr. Holmes 'Over the Teacups,' presiding with the same geniality and charm which made him years ago such an incomparable Autocrat of the breakfast coffee-cup. 'The longer we live,' says the gentle Doctor, 'the more we find we are like other people.' Would that other people could find themselves more like Dr. Holmes! John Fiske treats of the 'Beginnings of the American Revolution,' Prof. Shaler of 'The Law of Fashion,' James B. Thayer of 'The Dawes Bill and the Indians,' and Frank Gaylord Cook of 'The Marriage Celebration in the Colonies.' 'The Dying House' is a strong bit of verse by Col. Higginson.

An elaborate article by Edward Bowen Prescott on 'Modern Spanish Art' is profusely and beautifully illustrated in *Harper's*. The author writes of Fortuny, Villegas, Zamacois, Pradilla, Casado, Valles, Alvarey, Villodas, Gallegos, and others whose very names are strange to us, but whom the biographer makes us feel we ought to know about. 'A Visit to a Colonial Estate,' by Frederick S. Daniel, describes a locality in southern Virginia. C. H. Farnham writes of the Saguenay, with some of the best pictures of the region we have ever seen, describing especially those Canadian voyageurs who still lend romance to the northern wilderness. Charles Dudley Warner begins a series of 'Studies of the Great West,' dealing in this number with certain features of the Northwest. Anna Laurens Dawes, in 'An Unknown Nation,' handles the problems of Indian Territory. 'The Empress Eugénie,' by Anna L. Bicknell; 'Chess in America,' by Henry Sedley, with portraits of Morphy and Mackenzie; Mr. Howells's 'Swiss Sojourn'; 'A Gypsy Fair in Surrey,' by F. Anstey; 'A New England Vagabond,' by Col. Higginson; and two short stories, by Sarah Orne Jewett and Lucy C. Lillie, give even more than the usual variety to a well-filled number.

Max O'Rell, in *Lippincott's*, gives actual examples, in a lively paper called 'From My Letter-Box,' of an author's amusing and bewildering experiences in the way of epistolary criticism. Frank G. Carpenter gives 'A Talk with a President's Son,' the son being Gen. Tyler, of Washington, who discourses of the Tyler administration as seen from within. The Prize Questions are continued, the department occupying considerable space with comment and book-talk. The novel of the month is 'Honored in the Breach'—about a hundred pages of overstrained sentiment and prolix paragraphs from the unstinted pen of Julia Magruder.

Boston Letter.

ONE of the pleasantest and most notable occasions last week was the reading given by Miss Terry and Mr. Irving in aid of the School of Expression, a local institution with an elocutionary mission for which its projector, Prof. Curry, is seeking an endowment. The place was Huntington Hall, where the Lowell Institute lectures are delivered; and the space behind the platform, with its emblematic frieze of the arts and sciences, where the blackboard or the screen of the stereopticon usually stands, had been transformed by voluminous draperies of velvet, arranged by the dexterous stage hands, into something like one of the sumptuous interiors with which the management of the Lyceum has made us familiar. Plenty of fashionable people were there, of course; together with a few actors, some students, and many fastidious persons who, shunning the theatre, were glad of the chance to see the famous actor and actress without having their nostrils offended by the sulphurous taint of a stage performance. I am a sincere admirer of Mr. Irving, but I cannot discipline myself into a liking for his elocution. As he speaks on the stage, so he spoke in reading Edwin Arnold's 'Feast of Belshazzar,' and also in the scene between Hamlet and the players; but in his humorous selections he used the voice of private life, which is so melodious and so distinct that one is perplexed to know why he endows his impersonations with any other. Miss Terry read the scene between Portia and Nerissa as she acts it, with arch humor and irresistible abandon, and it is impossible that, radiant as she was, she did not convert those opponents of the stage who were among the audience. One of the papers states that she wore 'a *princesse* robe which was a surging mass of pure white cashmere as to its front and as to the rest a superb wine-brown velvet; but, appealing in my own uncertainty to what I regard as a better authority, I learn that the dress was of golden plush with a full front of white *crêpe* and sleeves finished below the elbow with puffs of the same material. The net proceeds of the entertainment amount, I am told by the manager, to about \$1200.

A friend asks me why a certain novel has reached a sale of 100,000 copies, and I tell him that it is because, with the mass of novel-readers, a flash of red fire is more dazzling than a flash of reason. For my own part, I have to confess that I like red fire now and then, and I am not too old to relish a good melodrama with its resonant contrast of virtue and vice. A very good melodrama indeed is 'The Bells of Haslemere,' with which Mr. R. M. Field has entered on the twenty-fourth year of his management of the Boston Museum, and there is little doubt that it will run to the end of the season at that very successful theatre. The Museum company never appeared to greater advantage than in this play, and a visitor would be surprised by the excellence of the work done, especially by Mr. Edgar L. Davenport, Mr. Geo. W. Wilson, Mr. Arthur Falkland, Mr. Barrow, Miss Isabelle Evesson and Miss Helen Dayne. The characters are familiar, to be sure; so are some of the situations; but the authors, Sidney Grundy and Henry Pettitt, have mixed and re-arranged them with such skill that they are not only absorbingly interesting, but have an absolute flavor of novelty. I certainly never saw a more appreciative audience than that which filled the theatre on Saturday night and rejoiced in the triumph of the virtuous young squire over

a villain of such deep dye that he could be safely 'warranted not to crock.'

I understand that Ben : Perley Poore refused an offer of ten thousand dollars for his collection of autographs, but when it was sold at Libbie's auction-rooms last week, it brought only about \$6500. The sale lasted four days, and the prices were generally small. One of the most interesting things in the catalogue was a folio volume, compiled by Major Poore, illustrating the progress of the Negro race 'From the Congo to Congress,' with many autographs and manuscripts. This sold for \$205, which is less than it ought to be worth as material for a magazine article. An autograph letter of Poe referring to 'The Raven' brought \$90, and the same sum was paid for a poem in the autograph of Robert Burns—'A Ballad on Mr. Heron's Election.' Letters of Dickens brought \$10.50 and \$8.50; of Disraeli, \$11.50; of Cooper, \$6.25; Byron, \$4.25; Walter Scott, \$6; Longfellow, \$2.50 and \$4.50; Lowell, \$11.50; and of Hawthorne, \$18, \$12 and \$3. The signers of the Declaration of Independence are the classics of the autograph mania in America, and are always in demand at a good price. The autograph of Franklin brought \$24; of John Adams, \$6.50; Jefferson, \$7; Morris, \$23; Roger Sherman, \$6.50; and of Thomas Stone, \$15. Autographs of interest in connection with the Civil War are also much valued. Thus two letters of Gen. R. E. Lee brought \$24 and \$25 respectively, and three of 'Stonewall' Jackson \$25 each, while a letter of the Andersonville prison-keeper sold for \$34.

At Chase's Gallery an exhibition of pictures by Charles H. Woodbury is to be seen. They are all small and are all painted in the boldest manner, but they have qualities which justify a prediction that, having accomplished much already, Mr. Woodbury has a still more brilliant future before him. He has gone for his subjects to the Eastern shore, and has reproduced in these small canvases the low, purple beaches; the golden-green marshes, the sand-dunes and reddish boulders and silvery gray huts in the neighborhood of Cape Ann. A fisherman's hut, silvered by the weather, with a few hollyhocks in its narrow garden, acquires in Mr. Woodbury's handling a Venetian opulence of color; it is his mission to show the beauty and picturesqueness of the commonplace. But he is not only a colorist: his pictures are full of light and air and reality, taking the spectator into the presence of Nature and fanning him with the salty air that ripples the cold blue water. Mr. Woodbury is a very young man and has taught himself. His method is sometimes harsh and too impetuous, but despite this defect, he succeeds in creating a very definite illusion of reality and communicating very perceptibly a consciousness of the open air.

There is to be a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Copyright Association this afternoon, but I fear the outlook for the Chace bill is less encouraging than it was a few weeks ago, new objections to that measure coming from the Typographical Unions, which are now indisposed to consent to the importation of stereotype-plates even though the tariff on them is twenty-five per cent.

BOSTON, Feb. 20, 1888.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

The Lounger

FEW—COMPARATIVELY FEW—books would be read or written, if there were many readers like Dr. Ward of the Geographical Survey, author of 'Social Dynamics.' Dr. Ward says that he never has had any leisure for reading, and so has read only for information. I am not surprised, after hearing his further confession that 'I have never read a book in my life without seriously deliberating on it a month in advance, and weighing the consensus of intelligent opinion about it.' Fancy the labor that reading must be to such a mind! No wonder he never reads for pleasure, and no wonder he can never read any book but once. 'I have no patience,' he exclaims, 'with those idiots who read De Quincey fifteen times and "David Copperfield" every year.' I fear I must class myself with 'those idiots,' for while I do not read 'David Copperfield' every year, I think I could enjoy it that often; and I suppose I have

read 'Pendennis' through from beginning to end ten times, and dipped into it much oftener. 'When I read a book,' continues Dr. Ward, 'I have a method of my own of making a digest and analysis of it, so that I recall it at any time without a distinct effort of memory.'

DR. WARD'S remarks, as reported in the *Philadelphia Press*, are somewhat contradictory; for after saying that he never has leisure for book-reading, he goes on to observe that he tries to read at least one work of every great author, and all of Darwin, Huxley, Spencer and Comte. If he has to read a book written in a foreign language, he reads it in the original, even if he has to learn the language to do so. Now, instead of Dr. Ward's not having leisure to read a book, I should say that he had more than most men; for I never knew of one who could read so many books and with such apparent thoroughness.

BOSTON HAS received a great compliment. A parcel posted in Liverpool, and addressed to 'Boston, Lincolnshire,' has been sent to Boston, Mass. When the name of the State is omitted from a letter in this country, it is customary to send the thing to the principal city in America of the name given on the envelope. Thus, a letter addressed in San Francisco to New York, Boston, Baltimore or New Orleans, would be sent direct to New Orleans, La., Baltimore, Md., Boston, Mass., or New York, N. Y. And so when the Liverpool Postmaster found a wrapper addressed to Boston, he sent it to the biggest and most famous of all the cities of that name, assuming, perhaps, that Lincolnshire was a county of Massachusetts.

THIS WAS very flattering to the Hub—but very irritating to the editor of the *Litchfield Mercury*; for it was he who had posted the 'extravagant and erring' parcel. It left his hands on Dec. 8, and was received back on Jan. 6, with the words stamped on it, 'Mis-sent to Boston, Massachusetts.' The wrapper contained the MS. of a Christmas story, proof-sheets of which the sender intended to supply, as he had done before, to 100 or more papers in the provinces. There is, naturally, a falling-off in the demand for Xmas stories in January, and the editor of the *Mercury* wants to know what redress an author has, 'in view of the facts above enumerated.' If Boston, Mass., duly appreciated the compliment it has received, it would make up a purse for the unlucky editor who afforded the occasion for it.

MR. AUBREY DE VERE, the Irish poet, has sent to the State Library of Iowa, through Mr. Charles Aldrich, whose valuable collection of autographs was some time since presented to that State, —two very interesting fragments of MS., one a Tennyson, the other a Sir Henry Taylor. Mr. de Vere speaks of them as being examples of 'what I think must be the most interesting form of a poet's autograph—*vis.*, an extract from the original MS. of one among his most celebrated poems.' The Taylor is a rather large sheet of paper, written on both sides in a vigorous, gentlemanly, but not particularly neat or well-formed hand. It shows several elisions and interlineations, some of the latter in pencil. The text is the opening lines of the chief scene in the poet's drama, 'Edwin the Fair.' The Tennyson is a double sheet of small-sized gray note-paper, containing sixteen stanzas of 'The Two Voices.'

THE latter fragment is the greater treasure, owing to the broader fame and popularity of the Laureate, and the fact that it contains a much larger proportion of the poem than the extract from 'Edwin the Fair.' The chirography is very clear, correct and beautiful, and the number of corrections extremely small. Thus *distant*, in the line 'The distant battle flasht and rung,' was originally *swaying*, and the words *a merely selfish*, in the line 'Nor in a merely selfish cause,' were *an honourable*. A more important alteration has been made midway between these two lines. The stanza,

To search thro' all I felt or saw
The springs of life, the depths of awe,
And reach the law within the law,

is found to have been substituted for this:

To search the law within the law,
The soul of what I felt and saw
The springs of life the depths of awe.

Originally the stanza preceded the one it now follows. The change in the order of the line and in the order of the stanzas is certainly an improvement, though no one but the poet himself would have felt the need of it. The Iowa State Library is to be congratulated on having so energetic and successful an autograph-hunter as Mr. Aldrich devoted to its service.

R. H. D., OF PHILADELPHIA, writes to me as follows:—'I send you what seems to me to be one of the most interesting specimens of literary impertinence that has come to my notice for some time. The way the sensational Mr. Talmage has smoothed out the lines of Hay's poem, and taken the strength with it, is delightful in its conscious condescension and unconscious absurdity.'

A steamer called the *Prairie Belle*, burning on the Mississippi River, Bludso, the engineer, declared he would keep the bow of the boat to the shore till all were off, and he kept his promise. At his post, scorched and blackened, he perished, but he saved all the passengers. Two verses of pathetic poetry describe the scene, but the verses are a little rough, so I changed a word or two:

Through the hot black breath of the burning
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his stubbornness,
And knew he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell;
And Bludso's ghost went up above,
In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.

He weren't no saint, but at Judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shake hands with him,
He'd seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
And went for it there and then,
And Christ is not going to be too hard
On a man who died for men.

I FIND in a London literary weekly an advertisement that will be generally read. It is headed 'What to do with your sons.' No father, 'all' (or any proportion) of whose 'girls are boys,' will pass that advertisement by. Nor, if they are ignorant of journalism, will they fail to seriously ponder the advertiser's offer to 'INSTRUCT a limited number of YOUNG MEN in the Practical and Literary Branches of Journalism.' As prospectuses are furnished free, the reader will probably send for one. Not that he is consumed with a desire to turn his sons into journalists for the love of that profession, but because the gentleman who advertises for pupils, and who has been, from 1879, 'a principal leader-writer, Special Correspondent and Critic of the *Daily Telegraph*,' assures him that 'an ordinary trained Journalist earns from 300*l.* to 1000*l.* a year.'

WHETHER the English journalist who earns from \$1500 to \$5000 a year is 'ordinary' in respect to training or to abilities, the statement is not so phrased as to explain. Nor have I any means of knowing what the advertiser means by 'ordinary.' I should be very much surprised, however, to learn that any journalist in London made more than 600*l.* (\$3000) a year, unless his abilities and training were out of the common. Lower prices rule in London than here, unless I am mistaken; and I doubt that there are more than a hundred journalists in the United States (leaving out newspaper proprietors) who make \$5000 a year. And those who do so are not 'ordinary' in respect either to brains or training; they are all exceptional men. Some of them earn much more than the amount named. A few metropolitan editors are reputed to receive salaries ranging from \$10,000 to \$15,000; and two journalists ('Gath' Townsend and 'Joe' Howard) are supposed to make from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year by their letters. Journalism is a profession not without its attractions—for those whom it attracts; and exceptional men make a good thing of it from a financial point of view; but Mayor Hewitt's rapid transit scheme will be a *fait accompli*—nay, Keely motor stock will be selling at a premium—when 'an ordinary trained journalist' (in America at least) makes \$5000 a year.

"Olivia."

IN THE production of 'Olivia' at the Star Theatre, Mr. Irving has wrought one of his brightest artistic achievements. The piece is a four-act comedy written by W. G. Wills and founded upon an episode in 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' the episode, of course, being the attempted betrayal of the Vicar's favorite daughter by the profligate young Squire Thornhill. It was produced here some years ago at the Fifth Avenue Theatre by Fanny Davenport, and was recognized then as a workmanlike play of considerable literary merit; but it failed to become popular, although the performance was of more than common excellence. It was reserved for Mr. Irving to show what could be done with it by the aid of all the modern resources of artistic management. The story offers no special opportunities for scenic display, the em-

ployment of elaborate machinery, or the exhibition of expensive clothing; yet the fashion in which Mr. Irving presented it excited, among an audience of the rarest intelligence, an amount of enthusiastic admiration seldom accorded to the most gorgeous of stage spectacles. The tribute was paid to the taste, the accuracy, the poetic spirit and the convincing truthfulness of the various pictures. The first scene, showing the Vicarage in the foreground, with a wide expanse of wood and meadowland beyond, through which a winding thread of roadway creeps toward the great country-house on the crest of the hill forming the horizon, is one of the most beautiful and characteristic bits of landscape seen in a theatre for many a day. And when to all this wealth of rural loveliness and peace is added the throng of village merrymakers on the silver-wedding-day of their Pastor, the picture is so vivid that it is difficult to realize that it is unreal.

Mr. Irving has been noted for a long time for his careful and laborious training of supernumeraries, and he has rarely made better use of his experience in this direction than in this present revival. The spirit of the country, and of the book, is everywhere; and when the evening chimes are heard in the deep glow of sunset, the spectator might almost fancy that he could smell the odors of trees and flowers, and hear the even-song of the rooks. The final tableau of the first act, when the Vicar, standing in the middle of his family, tells the story of his ruin and enforces the duty of patient resignation, will not be soon or easily forgotten. The interiors, although necessarily simple, are delightful in their artistic coloring, and their fidelity to the time they are supposed to represent. The groupings too are most admirable, and the spectator might easily imagine himself carried back for a century or two. The acting is worthy of the setting by which it is surrounded. He would be hypercritical indeed who could wish for a performance more smooth, better balanced or more lifelike. The only needful criticism must be levelled at the chief performers. Mr. Irving's Vicar is chiefly remarkable for its air of studious refinement and gentle benignity, and its exquisite tenderness towards Olivia. The thousand little signs by which this overflowing paternal love is indicated are infinitely pathetic. It is only in the stirring moment when the flight of his darling is announced, that the actor fails. The mannerisms by which he is enslaved assert themselves here with fearful force, and move to laughter rather than tears. It is amazing that a man who can act with such heartbreaking simplicity when he chooses, should outrage nature at a juncture so fatal. In the next act, when he is suddenly confronted with the betrayer, his pathetic self-restraint and dignified deliberation are extraordinarily effective, and his effort to rebuke his penitent child, which ends abruptly in a rush of happy tears, is a stroke of art fully deserving of the applause conferred upon it. The impersonation as a whole is most amiable, dignified and pathetic, with a vein of dry humor which effectually prevents it from being monotonous.

As Olivia, Miss Terry won the favor of all observers; as usual, by the charm of her presence, the graciousness and archness of her behavior, and the airy lightness of her movements. She cannot express violence or depths of emotion, and so was least impressive at the great crisis of the play; but her ebullition of girlish joy at the permission, churlishly granted to her, to return to her home, was so original in method, so spontaneous and so natural, that the audience were stirred to genuine enthusiasm. Mr. Alexander was capital as Thornhill, and Mr. Wenman equally good as Burchell; while that noble veteran, Mr. Howe, was an ideal Farmer Flamborough.

International Copyright.

AT A RECENT book-sale in this city, Dr. Edward Eggleston took the trouble to copy Carlyle's Preface to the English edition of the second series of Emerson's Essays (1846). It

has been reprinted since that date, but the following extract is worth reprinting many times—so long, at least, as people need to be reminded that 'theft is theft.'

To unauthorized reprinters and adventurous spirits inclined to do a little in the pirate line, it may be proper to recall the known fact, which should be present to us all without recalling, that *theft* in any sort is abhorrent to the mind of man;—that theft is theft, under whatever meridian of longitude, in whatever 'nation,' foreign or domestic, the man stolen from may live; and whether there be any treadmill and gallows for his thief, or no apparatus of that kind! The laborer is worthy of his hire. Yes, and he that brings us (not in his sleep, I fancy!) news just from the Empyrean—new tidings of such,—he too, one would imagine, is worthy that we should leave him the exiguous sixpence a copy, which falls to his share in the adventure, and not steal it from him!

International Copyright was the subject of discussion before the Congregational Club at its monthly meeting at Clark's restaurant on Monday evening. The first speaker introduced by the Vice-President, Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, was Rev. Dr. H. J. Van Dyke, who repeated the remarks he has twice made in the pulpit, and which may now be had in pamphlet form from the Messrs. Scribner's press. Mr. Haven Putnam, the publisher, who was introduced as the son of a man who had fought for International Copyright fifty years ago—the late Geo. P. Putnam, Irving's publisher—spoke from the standpoint of the business man, whose part it was to show that the passage of the proposed law would be a tangible gain in dollars and cents to this country. Mr. Brander Matthews read from a manuscript, in which he argued that books were made cheaper by reprints chiefly of English novels. Fully forty of the fifty-two works which appeared in the Seaside or Franklin Square Library every year were reprints of English novels; yet not over ten or twelve good novels appear yearly in England. Out of the works named in the various lists of 'one hundred best books,' recently printed, not over six or eight can be found in the cheap libraries.

George Cary Eggleston also spoke, and a general discussion followed in which Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. R. W. Gilder participated. The audience was a unit for International Copyright.

The Milton Window.

THE Milton memorial window in St. Margaret's Church, London, presented by Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia, was unveiled last Saturday. It is described as follows:

It is divided by its stone work into four lights, with tracery openings. It is of Fifteenth Century character, known as the 'perpendicular' style, which is that of the church generally. The design of the stained-glass is planned on three lines of panels in horizontal order, the middle tier being of somewhat greater depth than those above and below it. In one of the bottom panels Milton is shown at St. Paul's School among his schoolmates. In the next panel the incident of his visit to Galileo is depicted. Above these are two of the larger panels combined to make one central subject representing the poet dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his daughters. Around these panels are eight others illustrative of 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained.' In reference to the former are represented the incidents of Satan's summons to his legions; Adam and Eve at prayer in Paradise, with Satan looking on; the Temptation; and the Expulsion. In the upper tier the four panels are devoted to the illustration of the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Baptism, and the defeat of Satan in his temptation of Christ.

In the tracery openings are jubilant angels, and at the apex of the whole figures of Adam on the left and our Lord on the right, representing thus the first and second Adam respectively. At the base of the window is the following inscription:

This window is dedicated to the
Glory of God in memory of John
Milton by George W. Childs.

Also, occupying a similar space and position, the verse specially written for the occasion by John G. Whittier:

The New World honors him whose lofty plea
For England's freedom made her own more sure;
Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
Their common freehold while both worlds endure.

On Sunday last, Archdeacon Farrar preached at St. Margaret's a sermon in which he referred especially to this window. He is quoted as saying:

It has been my desire for twelve years to surround this ancient and famous church with noble associations; to revive the memories of those great men with which it has been connected, and thus to indicate the relation in which it stands to the history of England. To commemorate events of recent days the Members of the House of Commons, whose church it is, have erected the window which recalls the tragic death of Lord Frederick Cavendish; and memorials have been placed here to Lord Hatherley, the good Lord Chancellor; to Lord Farnborough, who spent his life in the service of Parliament; and in token of our gratitude for fifty years of almost unbroken prosperity under the reign of a beloved Queen. The Caxton window was given by the printers of London in memory of that great man who lies buried here; and citizens of America, in their large-handed generosity and care for the great traditions which are their heritage no less than ours, have presented us with that brilliant West window, which commemorates nothing less than the founding of the New World. But this church may also claim its special interest in the mighty name of Milton. That name is recorded in our marriage-register, and here lies buried with Milton's infant daughter that beloved wife—'my late-espoused saint'—whose love flung one brief gleam of happiness over the poet's troubled later years.

Once more we are indebted to an American citizen for the beautiful Milton window which was yesterday unveiled. The well-counselled munificence of Mr. Childs, who has already enriched Stratford-on-Avon with a memorial of Shakespeare, and Westminster Abbey with the window in memory of Herbert and Cowper, has now erected this abiding memorial to the great Puritan poet. Myself the debtor to American friends for great kindness, I cannot but rejoice that the Church of St. Margaret should furnish yet one more illustration of those bonds of common blood and traditions and language and affection which unite England to the Great Republic of the West; and I am glad that the public spirit of the Church wardens has assigned from henceforth the use of one pew in this church to our friends and visitors from the other side of the Atlantic.

There was something specially appropriate in the Milton window being the gift of an American, for the United States represent much that Milton most deeply loved—the commonwealth which, failing in England, in America gloriously succeeded; the Puritanism which, crushed in England, inspired vigor and nobleness in our kin beyond the sea. 'Paradise Lost' was the one English poem which the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers loved, and which, until Longfellow inspired New England with a fresh sense of the sacredness of art and song, alone tempered the stern Hebrew ideal bequeathed to their descendants by those who sailed in the Mayflower. Some of Milton's dearest friends were closely connected with American history. Sir Henry Vane, the younger, to whom he addressed the sonnet:

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,—

Vane, who has been called 'one of the greatest and purest men who ever walked on the earth to adorn and elevate his kind,' emigrated to New England in 1635 and was elected Governor in 1636. Roger Williams, 'the apostle of soul freedom,' the founder of Rhode Island, is mentioned with enthusiastic affection by Milton in his letter to the Genoese Envoy, and in a letter to Gov. Winthrop Roger Williams incidentally remarks: 'The Secretary of the Council, Mr. Milton, for my Dutch read him, read me many more languages.' [The cable is evidently at fault in this last sentence.]

Some complaint has been made in London that the unveiling was conducted too privately. The *London Times* said, on Monday:—'We understand that on Saturday afternoon the Milton window in St. Margaret's, Westminster, the gift of Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, was unveiled, and we believe that an address was delivered on the occasion by Mr. Matthew Arnold. The public were excluded, and admission was refused to the representatives of the press by the rector, Archdeacon Farrar.' 'At the eleventh hour,' says the *New York World*, 'a letter was sent to Minister Phelps stating that if any Americans wished to attend they might do so. This, of course, was only available to the Americans who happened to be at that moment at the United States Legation. With the exception of the *World* representative and Judge W. H. Arnoux, Minister Phelps and his wife were the only Americans present, and Mr. Arnoux would have known nothing about it if he had not called at

the *World* office just as its representative was starting for St. Margaret's.'

The Fine Arts

The Albert Spencer Collection.

A BETTER opportunity for studying the works of the 'men of 1830' has rarely been offered in this city than is presented by the Albert Spencer collection, to be sold next Tuesday evening, Feb. 28, at Chickering Hall. It has been exhibited during the past week at the Fifth Avenue Galleries. The great masters of the school of Barbizon are here in force and, in many cases, are seen at their best. The colorists of the romantic school and their followers do not go unrepresented. Delacroix's 'Tiger Drinking' and 'The Entombment' are good examples of the master. There are several Fromentin's (the 'Arab Falconer,' 'The Fire,' 'Horse-Trading in the Desert' and 'Women of the Sahara'), which give a good idea of the best work of this head of the modern Oriental school evolved from the colorists. Gérôme's 'The Serpent Charmer,' with its wonderful color-symphony of Persian-blue wall-tiles, its remarkable atmosphere and fine perspective, brings the eye, by its splendid workmanship, down to the two Meissoniers—the 'Standard-Bearer of the Flemish Civil Guard' and 'A Musician.' The first, with its scheme of grays and yellows, is very attractive in color. A fine example of that great colorist, Isabey, is the 'Fête at the Hôtel Rambouillet, Paris,' in the time of Louis XIII., with its numerous graceful and richly costumed figures. From Isabey to Diaz, as a figure-painter, is an easy transition. The pretty 'Cupid's Lesson,' with its amorous softness of atmosphere and tones, the 'Page and Hounds,' the study called 'Above the Clouds,' 'Venus and Cupid,' the 'Scene from the Decameron,' and above all the 'Assumption of the Virgin' make a superb group of compositions. Of his landscapes and flower-subjects there is a number. Few collections are so rich in examples of Diaz. The Troyons are of world-wide renown. They are 'The Old Oak, Early Autumn,' 'A Cloud-Burst' (shepherd and sheep) and 'Drove of Cattle and Sheep.' The examples of Rousseau, Daubigny, Dupré and Millet are of the best. Among the Millets is the famous study of a reclining woman with her back towards the spectator. The Jules Breton is the celebrated work 'Le Soir.' The two Baryes and the Boldinis are of great interest.

Art Notes.

FELIX BUHOT, the French etcher, whose works are now on exhibition at the Keppel gallery, presents a many-sided personality. He is as simple as Millet, as fantastic as Méryon, as complex as the Nineteenth Century itself, and as strongly individual as any artist of the time. In his free use of any and all methods of expression, he reminds one of the claim of the modern Dutch water-colorists to be workers in *gouache* or aquarelle at pleasure. A severe and formal etcher might accuse him of *chic*, for his needle riots in floridity of line, no less than ornamental quality of composition. He ranges from modern impressionism to the hard, stiff manner of the early engravers. In subject, he covers numerous fields. His Japanese still-life plates are marvels of careful workmanship. His donkeys have the humane touch and the workmanship of the etcher of Barbizon. His Parisian street-scenes are admirable modern impressions. M. Buhot has a strong bent towards allegory of a delicate, humorous character. His large plate, 'Frontispiece for L'Illustration Nouvelle,' 1877, shows Etching advancing as a locomotive, with Engraving typified by a burin, borne off to the clouds by mystical beings who pervade the composition. One of the most famous plates is the 'Palace of Westminster at London.' Clever and original things in printing, toning and touching-up with color, no less than surprises in the use of different papers, are among the remarkable points of these very interesting etchings, which will reward careful study with a pleasing consciousness that one has made the acquaintance of a new and charmingly eccentric artistic personality.

—The Water-Color Exhibition closes to-day. The sales up to last Saturday amounted to \$22,000. Irving R. Wiles's 'Alone' brought \$250; Henry Farrer's 'Dry Leaves,' \$550; and Leonard Ochtman's 'Interior of a Wood,' \$150. The etching sales at the same time had reached \$1700.

—Mr. John Ward Stimson spoke at Chickering Hall last Saturday afternoon on the necessity of founding a university for artist-artisans in this city. His arguments were picturesque and metaphorical. Mr. Stimson's plan is to have sixteen departments in the proposed institution; to assume personal charge of the brasswork department, and entrust to Mrs. Candace Wheeler the direction of the textile department. Mr. Olin Warner is proposed as a teacher of modelling. Mr. Stimson considers that 500 pupils at twenty-

five dollars a year would keep the institution on a paying basis. Any person paying \$25 would be entitled to the privilege of sending a substitute to study for a year. The payment of \$1000 would entitle a person to send a substitute in perpetuity. At the conclusion of Mr. Stimson's address, Mr. Wm. H. Goodyear lectured on 'The Lotus in Decorative Art.'

About eighty drawings by W. Hamilton Gibson were shown at the Grolier Club last week.

A monument is to be erected in Chicago to Fritz Reuter, the German novelist who wrote in Platt-Deutsch. The statue is to be designed by Aloys Löher, a distinguished pupil of Zumbusch, the Viennese sculptor.

The next exhibition and sale of paintings and *bric-à-brac* at the American Art Galleries will be that of the collection of the late Henry Havemeyer. The works of W. Hamilton Gibson and Kruseman van Elten will then be exhibited at the galleries previous to sale; and the latter exhibition will be followed by a display of pictures belonging to the late Christian Wolff of Philadelphia.

The Tiffany Glass Company have on exhibition at their place in Fourth Avenue, a memorial window designed for Mr. S. R. Van Duzer of Newburgh, and to be placed in a chapel near Elmira, N. Y., about March 1. It is worth seeing as an example of the progress in the art of colored glass making. The subject is the Good Shepherd, and in depth and richness of coloring the glass is said to be much in advance of the present European work.

An exhibition of European and American water-colorists is now open at the Art Institute in Chicago.

Some 'old masters,' including examples of Rubens, Titian, Jaspas Poussin, Gerard Houthorst, Vandyck, Raphael, Paul Veronese, Ludovico Caracci, Cuyp, Brill, Coreggio, and Julio Romano are on exhibition at the new Art Association galleries. They are the property of James Fitzroy Morris, of Clifton, near Bristol, England, and are intended to form the nucleus of a permanent gallery in this city. The Titian ('Bathsheba at the Bath') is said to be a very valuable picture. The Caracci ('Crown of Thorns') and the Raphael ('Adoration of the Shepherds') are from Bologna. Rubens's 'Castor and Pollux' has the characteristics of the best manner of the painter; and Gerard Houthorst's 'Spring,' a nude female figure poised in the air with a scarlet gauze scarf floating from it, whether an original or not, is a remarkably beautiful work.

Mr. Henry Sandham, the Canadian draughtsman and water-colorist, will shortly hold an exhibition of his works at Wunderlich's.

A very interesting exhibition of old Spanish and Venetian leathers, with their modern reproductions, is open at the Yandell gallery. A new branch of American art-industry is here presented to the consideration of connoisseurs. A frieze of painted Spanish leather from Avignon is particularly curious. It is divided into compartments, each containing one or more figures. Court-ladies, peasants, rustic clowns, beggars, classic warriors, mediæval knights, kings and queens are represented in landscape surroundings, and clad in bright-colored garments. Some leather painted by monks shows very beautiful workmanship. The modern leathers, painted by hand, reproduce admirably the fine tones of the antique. A screen of old Spanish leather painted in figures has wide borders of old Venetian leather, very rich and warm in tone.

An exhibition of work by the women-pupils of the late William M. Hunt is open in Boston.

The Salmagundi Club exhibition held last week at 123 Fifth Avenue marks a new era in the history of the Club. It was an exhibition of oils and water-colors by members of the Club only, and the idea of holding such an exhibition at judicious intervals is a very good one. Most of the members of the Salmagundi have now achieved distinction in oil and water-color even more than in black-and-white. George W. Maynard, Francis Day, R. C. Minor, W. H. Lippincott, Charles Mente, Hamilton Hamilton and Walter Shirlaw, showed good work. Most of the pictures were new, and the average of the exhibition was high.

At the sale of pictures belonging to the estates of H. P. Kidder, Jas. H. Van Alen and Edward Matthews, at the Fifth Avenue Galleries, the highest price (\$3,000) was paid for Jules Breton's 'Girl Knitting.' DeHaas's 'Cape Ann' brought \$900; Verboeckhoven's 'Watching the Flock,' \$500; Escosura's 'The Introduction,' \$450; Merle's 'Cupids,' \$700; Galland's four panels, representing 'The Sciences and Arts,' \$110 each, and his four panels, 'Spring,' 'Summer,' 'Autumn' and 'Winter,' \$125 each. The next sale at these galleries will be that of works by Jervis McEntee, on March 2; to be followed by an exhibition, for three days prior to sale, of pictures by George Hall.

The Hazeltine collection of 500 pictures, recently sold at auction at the Moore gallery, brought about \$52,000. Several of the noted pictures were withdrawn for want of high bids. Schreyer's 'The Advance' brought \$5000; Jules Breton's 'The Fisherman's Daughter,' \$1700; Benj. Constant's 'Doge of Venice,' \$1000; J. H. L. De Haas's 'Noon in the Lowlands,' \$1675; Constant Troyon's 'In the Pasture,' \$1010; and Van Marcke's 'Gathering of the Herd,' \$1200. The second part of the collection will be sold on Wednesday (Feb. 29) and following two evenings.

Notes.

Two Authors' Readings—one in the afternoon, the other in the evening—are to be given in the Congregational Church, Washington, one on Saturday, March 17, the other on Monday, the 19th. Mr. A. M. Palmer is to have the management of the affair; and the proceeds will be added to the treasury of the American Copyright League. It is expected that a strong impetus will be given by these readings to the movement for International Copyright.

The American Folk-Lore Society have made arrangements with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, to publish their *Journal*, the first number of which will appear in April under the title *Journal of American Folk-Lore*.

Mr. Howells, who recently left Buffalo, has taken an apartment in this city.

Mr. Howells writes thus to Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, in a letter which we have been permitted to see: 'You would be surprised at the interest in Tolstoi here—something deeper and more practical than I have found at the East. You meet men who are actually desirous of modifying their lives by his teachings.'

Through the Yellowstone Park, a camping-out story for boys by Mrs. Rollins, will be begun in March in *The Christian Union*, and run through five numbers. Another short story for boys, from the same pen, called 'Held for Ransom,' will appear in three numbers of Harper's *Young People*.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson contributes to *Scribner's* for March a fantastic sketch, entitled 'The Nixie,' in which may be traced a delicate allegory of life. Thomas Nelson Page contributes to the same number a dialect poem entitled 'Ashcake.' It is understood that Mr. Page and Mr. A. C. Gordon will soon publish a volume of Virginia dialect poems.

Last year's output of books fell short of that of 1886, which was the largest in the annals of literature. The following table shows the number of entries made in the two years in *The Publishers' Weekly*:

	1886.	1887.
Fiction.....	1080	1022
Juvenile Books.....	458	487
Law.....	469	438
Theology and Religion.....	377	353
Education, Language.....	275	283
Literary History and Miscellany.....	388	251
Poetry and the Drama.....	220	221
Biography, Memoirs.....	155	201
Description, Travel.....	159	180
Fine Art and Illustrated Books.....	151	175
Medical Science, Hygiene.....	177	171
History.....	182	157
Political and Social Science.....	174	143
Useful Arts.....	112	123
Physical and Mathematical Science.....	148	76
Domestic and Rural.....	46	61
Sports and Amusements.....	70	48
Humor and Satire.....	17	26
Mental and Moral Philosophy.....	18	21
	4676	4437

Washington's Farewell Address (the original manuscript) was shown at the Lenox Library on Washington's Birthday, this week.

Roberts Bros. will add to their editions of 'Imaginary Conversations' and 'Pericles and Aspasia' a volume of other prose writings of Landor's, including the 'Pentameron and Pentalogia,' and the 'Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare.' Two of Landor's sons are still living, one in Italy and one in Switzerland.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are soon to issue a Riverside Edition of Whittier in four volumes. The text has been carefully revised by the poet, who has added notes regarding the circumstances under which many of the poems were written. It will include portraits of Whittier at different ages; and in the last volume there will be an index and a table of first lines. A large-paper edition, consisting of five hundred copies, will supplement the regular edition.

—Cornell University has chosen as her delegates to the celebration of the eighth centenary of the University of Bologna next June, Prof. T. F. Crane, and the Hon. Eugene Schuyler, of Allassio, Italy, a former lecturer at Cornell.

—'The Story of New York,' in Lothrop's Story of the States Series, will be ready on March 15. It is by Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks.

—The appearance of bits of original verse by Walt Whitman in the 'Personal Intelligence' column of the *Herald*, which has been puzzling people of late, is said to be the result of an arrangement made by Mr. Bennett during his last visit to America, for the purpose of relieving the Camden veteran's poverty. The verses are reported to be paid for at figures liberal even for Mr. Bennett.

—Mr. Lowell's forthcoming volume of verse, 'Heartsease and Rue,' will contain these prefatory lines:

Along the roadside where we pass bloom few
Gay plants of heartsease, more of saddening rue;
So life is mingled; so should poems be
That speak a conscious word to you and me.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day 'A Century of Ballads,' collected, edited, and illustrated in fac-simile of the originals, by John Ashton; 'Current Religious Perils,' with preludes and other addresses on leading reforms, by Joseph Cook; 'Reincarnation: A Study of Forgotten Truth,' by E. D. Walker; and 'The Butterflies of North America,' by W. H. Edwards, Third Series, Part IV., with three colored plates.

—Miss Rose E. Cleveland has written a book dealing with home life, moral and social culture, etc. It is to be sold by subscription.

—Fräulein Brandt, the soloist at to-night's (Saturday's) concert of the Symphony Society, will sing, with the ladies' chorus of the Oratorio Society and the regular orchestra, Liszt's arrangement of the 137th Psalm, which will be given here for the first time. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony will be the main instrumental work of the evening.

—Walter Besant's new book, 'Fifty Years Ago'—a history of Queen Victoria's reign—contains 150 illustrations.

—Some Pupils of Liszt appear in the *March Century*, with portraits of Eugene d'Albert, Arthur Friedheim, Fraulein Aus der Ohe, and other distinguished pianists. Of Adèle Aus der Ohe, the writer says that she gave evidence of musical talent when only three and a half years old. One day when an elder sister had played Ardit's 'Il Bacio,' Adèle repeated the entire waltz, giving the correct bass with her left hand. At eight she made her first public appearance, and at ten was giving concerts with orchestra at Berlin and Hanover. She was with Liszt for seven years. Two portraits of Bismarck will accompany a paper on that statesman in the same magazine.

—Readers of 'Lorna Doone' (and there are tens of thousands of them) will hear with regret of the death, after a brief illness, of Mrs. Blackmore, the author's wife.

—Miss Hagood has translated from the Russian Col. Alexander Verestchagin's 'At Home and in War'—a volume of reminiscences by a brother of the famous painter of war scenes. The first part consists of reminiscences of the author's life in his native village, and his experiences in St. Petersburg and the Military Academy; part second includes recollections of the Turkish Campaign of 1878; and part third covers the Turkoman Expedition and the capture of Geok-tepe. The author was Gen. Skobelev's adjutant. Messrs. Crowell will publish the book.

—The copyright of Carlyle's earlier volumes expired recently, and within a week two London publishers produced cheap editions of 'The French Revolution.'

—In the forthcoming *Princeton Review* will appear 'Emerson,' by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.; 'Some Aspects of Modern Literature,' by H. W. Mabie; 'Law, Logic, and Government,' by Prof. Alexander Johnston; 'Practical Politics,' by Wendell P. Garrison; 'Foreign Jurisdiction in Japan,' by E. H. House; and the last of Miss Grace King's Creole sketches—'the Marriage of Marie Modeste.'

—Mr. Burne-Jones is drawing a frontispiece for 'The Dream of John Bull,' William Morris's new volume of socialistic verse.

—Col. Higginson, writing of 'Literary Tonics' in this week's *Independent*, says that 'the very word Anglomaniia implies separation and weaning.' 'Fifty years ago, Anglomaniia could scarcely be said to exist in this country, for the nation was still, for all purposes of art and literature, a mere province of England. Now all is changed; the literary tone of the United States is more serious, more original, and, in its regard for external forms, more cultivated than that now prevailing in England.'

—A second edition of the Washington Number of *The Magazine of American History* has been called for.

—'Ananias' is the name of a story by Mr. Harris to appear in the April *Harper's*. 'The Leavenworth School,' by Capt. King, will be published in the same number.

—The *Tribune* records that seven of Wagner's operas were performed thirty-six times at the Metropolitan Opera House during the season just closed, and seven other operas twenty-eight times. The former brought into the treasury \$115,195.30; the latter, \$68,808.75. The Wagnerian average was \$3,199.87 and the non-Wagnerian, \$2,457.45—a difference in favor of Wagner of \$742.42 a night.

—The Brentanos announce a ghost-story entitled 'The Great Amherst Mystery,' by Walter Hubbell.

—The second of Mr. L. J. B. Lincoln's Monday afternoon lectures on American Literature dealt with 'Our Eminent Poets.' It seemed almost superfluous, the lecturer said, to again go over ground which had been covered by Stedman's 'Poets of America,' but the follower of our thoughtful and incisive critic had one advantage—that he might include in his review Mr. Stedman himself. Mr. Lincoln touched upon Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Whitman, Poe, Taylor ('author of our most brilliant lyric, the "Bedouin Love-Song,"') Stedman, Stoddard, Saxe, Harte, Hay, Hayne, Timrod, Lanier, Esten Cooke, and 'our American Herrick,' T. B. Aldrich. He also referred to the song-writers, and to the women who have contributed to our literature a tone of purity and faith. The fact that all our poets write prose was commented upon, as leading us to adopt the sad conclusion that man may not live, in America, by poetry alone. It is also discouraging that our young writers seek the life of the cities. We are to look for our Great Poet in the wilds; and he will probably be great enough to surmount pecuniary obstacles by sheer force of genius. (One recalls Dr. Holmes's practical query as to this widely-representative individual, who must speak alike with the voice of the Sierras and of the Atlantic coast, 'Who is to pay his fare?') Mr. Lincoln thinks that our 'Twilight of the Poets' must be dawn, since we have not yet had the sun.

—On Friday afternoon of last week, the Rev. Dr. Henry M. MacCracken, Vice-Chancellor of the University of the City of New York, delivered an address before the Industrial Education Association, on 'Books and Reading.' He criticized Emerson's three rules: Never read a book that is not a year old; never read any but famous books; never read any but those you like. He suggested these rules in their stead: Read for completeness of character; read for success in your business; read for rest and recreation. He suggested that the Tilden trustees, in organizing the circulating library under his will, would do well to devote one-third of their funds to a library of books for advanced special students, another third to a library for the general public, and the remaining third to a library of books for men-of-letters—rare works, etc.

—Prof. Joseph H. Gilmore, of the University of Rochester, lectured on Sidney Lanier at Columbia College last Saturday morning. Had Lanier lived, the lecturer thought, he would have taken the place Dr. Wm. Hayes Ward thinks he will yet take, as it is—'among the first princes of American song.' 'He deserves high reputation as a literary critic. His influence would have been preeminently healthful and helpful on the nascent literature of the South. His life was a poem more beautiful and more pathetic than anything that he has left behind him.' In the afternoon Prof. Gilmore lectured on 'The Development of English Fiction.' He considered DeFoe the father of English fiction, Richardson the first society novelist (beaten on his own ground by Jane Austen in 'Sense and Sentiment'), Scott the first historical novelist, Dickens (in 'Martin Chuzzlewit') the first writer of a 'novel with a purpose,' and Reade the first analytical novelist (excelled in his own line by Charlotte Brontë in 'Jane Eyre'). 'Henry Esmond' seemed to Mr. Gilmore 'the best single novel ever written.' Speaking of latter-day realism, he said: 'An amusing illustration of this essentially prosaic tendency is afforded by a recent novel of Thomas Hardy, which is conceived and executed with such topographical fidelity that a sketch-map is actually published with it, in order that its readers may follow the thread of the story. But who wants to read a novel as if he were a juror in a murder trial?' On Monday Prof. Gilmore lectured on 'The Victorian Period in English Literature,' and on Tuesday on 'Hawthorne.' Of the author of 'The Scarlet Letter,' Mr. Gilmore said: 'Whatever flaws we may seem to detect in Hawthorne's manner, we must still insist that he is the greatest master of English prose that the century has produced. More than that, he is a wonderful creative genius, wielding, with consummate grace and vigor, a wand which neither Scott, Dickens nor Thackeray could so much as lift.'

—Abbotsford is in the market, not for sale, but to rent for a term of years. London *Truth* will be surprised if it finds a tenant, as it is overrun throughout the year with tourists. 'The house is large and gloomy, and there is nothing remarkably pretty about the demesne or neighborhood.' Abbotsford belongs to Sir Walter's great-granddaughter, Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, a granddaughter of Lockhart.

—Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, who has just brought out through James Pott & Co. a volume of 'Christian Ballads,' has in preparation, at the same publishers', 'Paschal, and other Poems.'

—Of Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Fields writes in the March *Scribner's* :—

Once only did we meet him at dinner, at Mrs. Procter's. It was a memorable occasion. Adelaide Procter, Hawthorne, Sumner, Kinglake, and other celebrities were present; but Leigh Hunt's winning aspect and delightful talk made the occasion truly sympathetic and agreeable. I can recall, as we left the table, Barry Cornwall putting his arm about Hunt's shoulder, as they went up the stair, with the affectionate look of one who saw his dear friend only too rarely. Indeed we were afterward told it was the last time he dined out in company.

—Col. Fred. Grant is quoted as saying that his brother Ulysses has bought an option in the ownership of *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

—Fred Pfeffer, the second baseman of the Chicago Club, says he has written a book on baseball, which contains observations on the best ways of playing each position, with descriptions of the methods pursued by the best-known players, and anecdotes picked up in several years on the ball-field.

—Rev. E. V. Zollars, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Ill., has accepted the Presidency of Hiram College.

—At the Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore, thus far only English books have been accessible. Some 700 German works are about to be thrown open, after cataloguing, and as many French a little later.

—Longmans, Green & Co. will issue about March 1 a 'Treatise on Astronomy,' by Richard A. Proctor. It will appear in twelve monthly parts, with cuts and plates. It is claimed that, for the first time, 'points of detail in which the astronomy of to-day differs from the astronomy of a quarter of a century ago will be fully considered.'

—Mr. Whittaker is preparing a series to be known as the Contemporary Pulpit Library, containing sermons by famous living preachers. The first volume will contain fifteen by Canon Liddon. Canon Farrar and Bishop Magee of Peterborough will follow.

—D. Appleton & Co. will soon publish 'A Nymph of the West,' a novel by Howard Seely, the young author who made a reputation two years ago by his 'Lone Star Bo-peep' and 'Ranchman's Stories.'

—Mrs. Margaret Deland, author of 'The Old Garden and Other Verses,' has written a novel which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will soon publish. The same firm announces the eleventh volume of Rev. Joseph Cook's Monday Lectures, comprising those delivered during the winter of 1887. Its title will be 'Current Religious Perils.'

—M. Jules Claretie, Director of the Théâtre Français, has recently published in the *Revue Illustrée* a one-act comedy, entitled 'Un Diner chez Talma.' The scene is laid in Paris just as the Reign of Terror is nearing its end. The action takes place at the house of the actor, who, out of the goodness of his heart, has given shelter to two of his friends whose lives are threatened by the party in power. One is a nobleman, the other a Republican; one is hidden in the attic, the other is concealed in the cellar. Both fall in love with the same woman, who is first seen in the house opposite, but afterwards becomes a guest under the tragedian's roof. By a clever ruse Talma is enabled to reconcile the antagonism of his tenants, while the timely downfall of the Terrorists brings all to a happy conclusion.

—Mr. Alfred S. Barnes, the well-known schoolbook publisher, died on Friday of last week after an illness extending over several months. His last birthday (Jan. 28) was his seventy-first. He began life as a clerk in a Hartford publishing-house that afterwards came to New York; but in 1838, at the age of twenty-one, Mr. Barnes associated himself with the mathematician, Prof. Charles Davies, and the firm name of A. S. Barnes & Co. has since been known in educational and publishing circles throughout the whole country. From 1840 to 1855 the firm's headquarters were in Philadelphia, but for the past thirty-three years they have been in this city. Among the most familiar and valuable of the books bearing the imprint of the house are Davies's mathematical works, Parker's 'Natural Philosophy,' 'The Teacher's Library,' 'The Bible Commentary,' by the Rev. Lyman Abbott, and 'Clark's Grammar.' Mr. Barnes retired from the active management of the business in 1880,

since which time it has been conducted by his sons. He was President of the Brooklyn City Mission Society; and to this and the many other charitable and educational organizations with which he was connected he gave liberally of his means, the Faith Home in Brooklyn receiving \$25,000, and the Young Men's Christian Association of Cornell University \$40,000.

—Prof. Paul Bercy, of 25 W. 44th Street, has just published the second part of his 'La Langue Française: Variétés Historiques et Littéraires.' The first part appeared in 1886, and was commended in these columns.

—The Trustees of Evelyn College at Princeton, N. J., met a week ago to hear reports upon what had been accomplished during the single term of four months of its existence. Evelyn has been started as a collateral branch of Princeton College for the instruction of young women in the regular college branches. The Trustees expressed themselves satisfied that the College will be successful, and decided to secure its incorporation.

—'Famous American Statesmen,' by Sarah K. Bolton, and a 'Life of Lafayette,' for the young, by Lydia Hoyt Farmer, are announced by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

—As in the French Academy it is the custom for each new member to deliver a eulogy upon the Academician whose place he has been elected to fill, so in the *Revue Bleue* of Feb. 4, which bears at its head the name of its new director, M. Alfred Rambaud, Professor of Modern and Contemporary History in the Paris Faculty of Letters, there appears over that gentleman's signature a paper entitled 'The New Management,' in which the difficulty of replacing M. Eugène Yung is duly emphasized. It is the more difficult to take the place of the old editor of the *Revue*, says M. Rambaud, because he was also its founder, and had impressed upon it his strong personal characteristics. In him were joined those intellectual and moral qualities, whose rare conjunction makes the natural leader, the incomparable editor. It is just two months since M. Yung died, and one month since his choice of a successor was confirmed by the 'Administrative Council of the Society of the two Reviews.' M. Rambaud is a well-known journalist, and an old contributor to the *Revue*; and has published several historical works, two of which have been crowned by the Academy. One of his best books is a popular History of the Revolution; another, of greater importance, is a 'History of French Civilization,' the third and concluding volume of which is announced in the *Revue* of Feb. 11.

—Mr. Murray has sold 7000 copies of the English edition of the Life of Darwin, at nine dollars per copy. A seventh edition is announced, with revisions.

—A curious letter from Alfred de Musset has just been sold in Paris for \$41. A letter written by Voltaire a few days before his death, brought only \$6. For one from Alexandre Dumas the elder \$7.80 was paid; and for one from ex-Empress Eugénie, written in early youth, \$25.40. A letter from Lafayette found a buyer at \$23.

Publications Received.

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Alexander, Mrs. A Life Interest. \$1.....	Henry Holt & Co.
Burgess, E. American and English Yachts. \$10.....	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Burnett, F. H. Sara Crewe. \$1.....	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Carey, R. N. Only the Governess. 25c.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Colton, G. Q. Shakspeare and the Bible.....	Thos. R. Knox & Co.
Coxe, A. C. Christian Ballads.....	James Pott & Co.
Cross, Amy. Good and True Thoughts from Robert Browning. \$1.....	Fred. A. Stokes.
Dennis, John. Robert Southey.....	Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
Diaz, A. M. Bybury to Beacon Street.....	Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
Efendi, Ali Aziz. The Story of Jewd. Tr. by E. J. W. Gibb. Wm. S. Gottsberger. Goodale, D. R., and Bridges, F. Birthday Greeting. \$1.30.....	Fred. A. Stokes.
Griffin, Watson. Twok: A Novel. Part I.....	Hamilton, Ontario: Griffin & Kidner.
Grumbine, J. C. F. Decay of the Christian Church. 10c. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.	
Hale, Ellen D. History of Art. 10c.....	Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Hawthorne, J. Section 38, or, The Fatal Letter. \$1.....	Cassell & Co.
Heilprin, A. Geological Evidences of Evolution.....	
Howe, E. W. A Moonlight Boy. 50c.....	Ticknor & Co.
King, H. E. H. The Disciples. \$1.50.....	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Longfellow, S. Final Memorials of H. W. Longfellow.....	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Longfellow, S. Life of H. W. Longfellow. 2 vols. \$6.....	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Luce, R. Writing for the Press. 25c.....	Boston: Writer Pub. Co.
National Perils and Opportunities. \$1.50.....	The Baker Taylor Co.
Neue Anekdoten.....	Modern Languages Pub. Co.
Nowell, C. M. The Voyage of the Fleetwing.....	Boston: DeWolfe, Fisk & Co.
Report of Commissioner of Education, 1885-6.....	Washington: Gov't Printing Office.
Schrakamp, J. Erzählungen aus der Deutschen Geschichte.....	Henry Holt & Co.
Seidel, Robt. Industrial Education. Tr. by M. K. Smith. 80c.....	
Sinclair, Ellery. Victor. \$1.....	D. C. Heath & Co.
Stockton, F. R. The Dusanter. 50c.....	Cassell & Co.
Thorn, W. T. Shakspeare and Chaucer Examinations. \$1.10.....	The Century Co.
Welch, P. H. The Tailor-made Girl. \$1.....	Ginn & Co.
Wesley, C. Jesus, Lover of my Soul. 75c.....	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Wingate, C. E. L. Playgoers' Year-Book. \$1.....	Fred. A. Stokes.
Woodward, C. M. The Manual Training School. \$3.....	Boston: Stage Pub'g Co.
Woodward, L. J. Number Stories.....	D. C. Heath & Co.
	Boston: Ginn & Co.